*El Dolor de la Luchadora*
By Yu May

Once upon a time, in Mexico, a mysterious luchador known as *El Santo* appeared in the ring, wearing a silver-white mask. Over the course of his career, Santo would face many worthy opponents, such as *Demonio Azul* (the "Blue Demon"), *Sombras* (the "Black Shadow"), and *Mil Máscaras* (the "Man of a Thousand Masks"). Even after becoming a Mexican folk hero, Santo refused to remove his mask, neither in public nor in private life, to preserve the mystique of his heroic persona, and only revealed his face when he neared the end of his life, as a final farewell to his fans. By the time of his death, the tradition of the masked fighter, *el luchador enmascarado*, had forever been established in Lucha Libre. And like many wrestlers in the luchador tradition, El Santo's legacy was carried on by his son, *El Hijo del Santo*.

Of course, there have been many legendary figures who have entered the ring, wearing a mask. Some are so legendary, there are skeptics who may claim that they never existed: like El Burrito Bandido. It is true that El Burrito Bandido never participated in the same prestigious tournaments as the more famous luchadors, nor did he ever become a folk hero. But nevertheless, the crowds loved him!

For no sooner had the Britto snack company retired their infamous cartoon mascot in the 70s, caving to complaints from American special interest groups, and retired their advertising campaigns in Mexico, than the Burrito Bandido himself began to appear in the ring, wearing a mask, and welding toy pop guns! The masked luchador's antics quickly won the hearts of the wrestling public, adding a touch of comic relief to the tremendous battles between the forces of good and evil that take place in the ring. And no matter how much the Britto snack company's American legal team complained about the trademark infringement, what could be done? No one knew the true identity of that handsome scoundrel, masquerading as the Burrito Bandido. He was wearing a mask, after all!

But, like all true heroes, the Burrito Bandido had a secret identity: Juan Azteca. And, most unfortunately for his army of adoring, female fans, Juan also had an adoring wife, Maria, and seven adoring children: Manuel, Teresa, Diego, Carmen, Clara, and the twins: Carlos and Carlita. Juan's earnest wish was for one of his children to carry on his legacy in the ring, but he would not force any of his children to choose the life of the fighter against their will. But of all the seven Azteca siblings, Carmen loved the magic of lucha libre most of all, and so it was that when she turned 19, she took on the mantle of La Burrita Bandida, and made her first appearance in the ring, as a luchadora.

Carmen was six-and-a-half feet tall, solidly built, and well-toned from years of strength and endurance training. While wearing the sombrero, poncho, and gigantic fake mustache that marked her as La Burrita Bandida, Carmen cut a comical figure. But there was no chance of mistaking her for a man, thanks to her graceful eyes and her natural curves.

Carmen's father, her beloved "*Padre,"* watched from the sidelines, wearing his own costume in solidarity with his daughter, as the bell rang, and Carmen tagged in to relieve her fighting partner: the heroic Red Angel: *La Ángela Roja*. Her opponent, the villainous Saint of Death, *La Santa Muerte*, howled with rage, calling the Red Angel a coward, and other less-flattering names. With dramatic flair, Santa Muerte threw back both her flowing, blue-black hair, and her flowing blue-black dracula cape, her eyes flashing red beneath her skull-like mask. "Vuelve y pelea, pendeja!" [An approximate translation might be: "Come back and fight, you pubic-hair-having coward!"]

Carmen landed a high-flying kick, that the Saint of Death redirected, sending her spinning to the ground, before she bounced to a halt on her rump. Carmen ignored the howls of laughter as she pulled herself back to her feet, using the rope of the ring for support. It was true that la Santa Muerte was supposed to be playing a vile villainess, known as a "heel" or *"rudo"* in wrestling, ever since her debut as a heroic "face" had ended in disaster. But Carmen couldn't help but wonder if la Santa Muerte enjoyed playing her villainous role a little *too* much.

Of course, the wrestling match was entirely, 100% real. No one ever knows who will win the final bout. But to perform such dangerous maneuvers, all professional wrestlers must rehearse. And Carmen was pretty sure she'd never rehearsed that last judo throw.

Nevertheless, the show must go on! Carmen drew her orange-tipped, cork pop guns and fired two shots into the air. "No puedes matarme, Santa Muerte. ¡Porque no sé qué significa la palabra "muerte"!" ["You cannot kill me, Saint of Death. Because I don't know what the word "death" even means!"]

Carmen delighted in the crowd's reaction, but before she could deliver her usual slapstick routine, which the kids always loved, Santa Muerte called upon the powers of *El Diablo* to aid her. "Satán, ayúdame a golpear a esta moza. ¡Que las llamas del infierno quemen vuestra traserito!" ["Satan, help me to thrash this wench. May the flames of hell roast your little ass!"]

*"Aye, caramba!"* thought Carmen. She'd never heard that line before! This fight was moving much too quickly. Carmen's job was to give the heroine a chance to catch her breath, and provide a comic interlude, but this professional wrestling match was suddenly getting…real!

Carmen pulled back against the ropes to launch herself forward into battle, spiraling in mid-air to perform the advanced leg-lock technique, followed by a devastating hip drop. But the vile Santa Muerte latched onto Carmen's thighs and spun wildly. Not wanting to risk injuring her opponent, Carmen relaxed her grip and let herself fall, using her free hands to roughly catch herself, breaking her fall. Carmen felt her toy pop guns go flying.

This was getting ridiculous! Sure, there were no scripts in lucha libre, but no honorable luchadora would improvise like that in the middle of a killer, high-flying move. It wasn't just bad sportsmanship. It was bad *showmanship!* And there were kids watching!

Carmen reached for her toy guns, realizing she'd have to get them off the ring before another luchadora risked stepping on them, when she felt her body being lifted into the air. Carmen's sombrero went flying, her poncho falling freely across the top of her head, as she found herself bent over the knee of her opponent..

Santa Muerte crowed with delight as she began to rain down spanks across Carmen's plump posterior. "¡Bandida travieso! Creo que sus lindas nalguitas necesitan nalgadas! ¡Siente las palmadas de mi palma poderosa!" ["You naughty bandit! I believe that your cute lil' buttocks need some spanks! Feel the slaps of my mighty palm!"]

Carmen yipped with each spank, more from surprise than from pain. "¿Eh? ¿Qué?"

A spanking? This early in the fight? That kind of humiliating ritual was usually reserved for a dramatic climax, and only when a disrespectful luchadora was being especially bratty! And what was worse, Santa Muerte wasn't even delivering the spanking right! If you wanted to delight the crowd, you had to start slow, and build the anticipation. Carmen twisted atop Santa Muerte's bent knee, but at the sound of the audience's cheers and guffaws, she surrendered. Yes, it was humiliating to be spanked like a child in front of the entire world of lucha libre fans. But a true luchadora knew that her first duty was to her amazing fans. For the sake of the little girls who looked up to her, Carmen wanted to be brave, and accept her spanking with dignity…as much as it was possible to look dignified under the present circumstances.

Carmen braced herself, awaiting the final, climactic spank that would signal the end of her ordeal, and send her flying across the ring. Only the spanking didn't stop.

La Santa Muerte projected her voice, so that she could be heard clearly over the steady sound of her hand clapping against her victim's helpless buttocks. "Bueno, ahora que lo pienso, tu culito no es tan delicado, ¿verdad? ¡A mí me parece más bien un culo grande y gordo!" ["Well, now that I think about it, your 'little ass' is not all that dainty, is it? To me, it seems more like a big, fat ass!"]

The audience, who were no strangers to watching a luchadora getting an over-the-knee spanking, chuckled as they realized this was easily the longest "smackdown" in the history of the sport!

"¡Oye, no es justo! ¿Por qué no la dejas salir?" growled La Ángela Roja, reaching out from her corner of the ring. ["Hey, no fair! Why don't you let her tag out?"]

Carmen flinched as she felt the spanks increase in force, and realized her dilemma. "¡Huy! ¡Merced! ¡Perdóname mis nalgas!" ["Hey! Have mercy! Spare my buttocks!"]

Santa Muerte threw back her head and cackled, holding her spanking hand delicately against her fair cheek. "¡La misericordia es para los débiles! Y primero… ¡quiero oírte suplicar!" [Mercy is for the weak! And first…I want to hear you beg!"]

Carmen felt tears spring to her eyes as Santa Muerte began the spanking anew. “¡Bien, ganas! ¡Deja de azotarme! ¡Te lo ruego!” [“Fine, you win! Stop hitting me! I beg you!”]

Santa Muerte sneered. “¡Pobre Burrita Bandida! ¿Me estás rogando?” [“Poor little Burrita Bandida! Are you begging me?”]

“¡Si, si! Te lo ruego, ¿de acuerdo?” [“Yes, yes, I’m begging you, all right?”]

Santa Muerte paused the spanking, waving to the crowd, who had begun to boo enthusiastically. “¿Oíste eso? Este culo me está rogando... ¡rogándome más nalgadas!” [“You hear that? This ass is begging me…begging me for more spankings!”]

Caught off guard, Carmen howled with pain as Santa Muerte landed the hardest spank yet, leaving a fresh, bright red handprint across her already bright pink backside. Then, Carmen felt something tugging at her bandit mask, and heard Santa Muerte’s mocking voice. “¡Creo que tendré que desenmascarar a este tonta! Ella es indigna de–” [“I believe I’ll have to unmask this fool! She is unworthy of–”]

“¡Ya basta!” Carmen twisted free of the spanking position, and grappled her opponent, pinning her across her back and legs. There was no shame greater than to be unmasked in the ring. Once unmasked, no honorable fighter could continue using the same identity. It would be the end of the Burrito Bandido tradition!

Holding her enemy securely, Carmen leapt forward and hip dropped, a crowd-pleasing move she’d practiced a thousand times in training. In an instant, Santa Muerte found herself trapped across Carmen’s lap, nearly a mirror image of their previous position.

A young girl in the crowd screeched, “¡Nalgadasla!” [“Spank her!”]

Then the audience took up the chant.  “¡Nalgadasla! ¡Nalgadasla! ¡Nalgadasla!””

Carmen looked down at Santa Muerte’s wriggling, unitard clad hindquarters, and knew what she had to do. She’d never delivered a spanking before, and especially not to the league’s favorite new heel character, but Carmen couldn’t deny the crowd what they were begging to see.

Santa Muerte squeaked as she felt the first swat land against her buttocks. She was about to deliver another evil villainous monologue, but when she felt a second and third slap, she realized that the first singular *spank* had just become a proper *spanking*. In her words, “un nalgada” had quickly become “unas nalgadas.” “¡Ay! ¿Qué estás haciendo? Se supone que no debes darme palmadas.” [“Ow! What is this? You’re not supposed to spank me!”]

Carmen ignored the skull-faced villainess’ protests, and delivered a firm smack, her palm easily covering both of her opponent’s taut butt-cheeks at once. “¡No no, niña traviesa! ¡Después de

tus nalgadas, te sentarás en un rincón para tomar un tiempo de espera!" ["No no, naughty girl! After your spanking, you will go sit in the corner for a timeout!"]

Santa Muerte roared with fury as she struggled for her freedom, howled with pain as she endured the next set of spanks, then wailed with humiliation as she realized she was hopelessly trapped. "¡Pero tú eres el alivio cómico! ¡Se supone que debo enfrentarme a la Ángel Roja!" ["But, you're the comic relief! I'm supposed to face the Red Angel!"]

Santa Muerte clawed at the floor, as if desperate to reach the heroic Red Angel at the opposite end of the ring.

Watching from her corner, the Red Angel only shrugged. "No me importa. ¡Dale una buena bofetada de mi parte!" ["I don't mind. Give her a good slap, for me!"]

"No! Ack! Owwie!" howled Santa Muerte. Spanish is a lovely, romantic language, with so many flavorful expressions that are difficult to translate. But some phrases are universal. "Waaaah! Bwah!" cried Santa Muerte, kicking her feet, and beating her fists against the floor of the ring.

Carmen raised an eyebrow. "¿Estás listo para rendirte, mocoso?" ["Are you ready to surrender, brat?"]

Santa Muerte shook her head so forcefully, her tears went flying, sparkling as they caught the light. "¡Nunca! ¡Le mostraré mi ira a la Ángela Roja!" ["Never! I will show the Red Angel my wrath!"]

Carmen blew such a raspberry, her fake mustache fell off. "¡Haz lo que quieras!" ["Have it your way!"] Adjusting her grip, Carmen secured Santa Muerte's legs in place with a scissor hold, then released her hold on her opponent's back, confident that her spankee would not be able to squirm free.

Then, Carmen gripped the strap of Satna Muerte's unitard and twisted it slightly, the resulting wedgie forcing the villainess to lift her bottom up high into the air. "Lo único que le mostrarás a la Ángela Roja hoy es tu fondo rojo." ["The only thing you'll be showing the Red Angel today is your red backside!"]

Pointlessly, Santa Muerte scrambled to shield her behind with her free hands, all thoughts of acting tough forgotten. Fresh tears spilled down her cheeks, stained black by her ruined mascara. "¡Lo siento, por favor! No nalgadas! " ["I'm  sorry! Please! No spanking!"]

But Carmen ignored Santa Muerte's flailing hands and carried on spanking, just like her padre used to do when Carmen was a little trouble maker. She knew that, eventually, good would always triumph over evil. Santa Muerte held up her hands for a few more moments, before the exertion became too much, and she slumped forward, now sobbing freely. The crowd, which had been booing Santa Muerte's cruelty before, now applauded this poetic reversal of fate.

Santa Muerte felt her chest tighten as she realized everyone in the world of Lucha Libre was celebrating as they watched her get her just desserts.

Blubbering, Santa Muerte dropped her affected, dramatic evil villainess voice. “¡Lo lamento, Carm–”

Carmen landed an extra hard slap to stop Santa Muerte before she could blurt out her real name while on stage.

As she felt the blow, Santa Muerte let out a desperate, though oddly cute, choke of surprise, and covered her mouth. The well-spanked luchadora twisted to look over her shoulder, looking up with watery eyes. “...Lo lamento, Burrita Bandida…”

The crowd began to chant, “¡Desmascarilla!”

Carmen poked a finger under Santa Muerte’s mask, considering her options. One the one hand, they had never agreed that the loser of this match would be forced to lose their mask. On the other hand, Santa Muerte had known that full well when she had attempted to demask La Burrita Bandida.

Knowing she was defeated, Santa Muerte hung her head in shame.

Carmen playfully patted her opponent’s upturned buttocks, then pinched the defeated villainess lightly by her ear to lift her up. “¡Ella se ha sometido! Creo que ha aprendido la lección, Ángel Roja. Así que si no te importa, enviaré a esta chica tonta a sentarse en un rincón. ” [“She has submitted! I believe that she has learned her lesson, Red Angel. Now if you don’t mind, I’m sending this silly girl to sit in the corner.]

The Red Angel stretched her arm so far out toward La Burrita Bandida, her angelic rear end was dangling on top of the rope barrier, her silky red miniskirt doing nothing to mask its glory. “¡Aún no! Déjame darle una buena palmada, por favor, Señorita Burrita Bandida!” [“Not yet! Let me give her one good slap, if you please, Miss Burrita Bandida!”]

Santa Muerte was busy rubbing her bottom furiously, but when she heard this suggestion, she stiffened. “P-Pero…” [“B-but…”]

Carmen towered head and shoulders over the defeated heel. “Ya la escuchaste, señorita. Presentad vuestra colita al castigo celestial.” [“You heard her, missy. Present your cute little tail for heavenly punishment.”]

“...Si, señora.” Knowing that it was no use arguing, Santa Muerte meekly turned and placed her hands on her knees, presenting her already red rump as a target.

After Carmen gave her partner a low-five, the Red Angel flew into the ring, egging on the crowd, who were just as eager as her for the finale. But Red Angel let the moment build, so that the cameras could capture the formerly-diabolical, now-demure Santa Muerte's face as she braced herself for the spank, then glanced nervously behind her when it didn't come, then steeled herself up yet again. With perfect timing, the Red Angel charged and delivered a mighty spank with a full swing of her arm. Santa Muerte flew through the air and bounced off the floor, clutching her poor, poor bottom. It was almost as if they'd rehearsed it.

An eager fan handed the Red Angel a stool, and she made a show of putting Santa Muerte in timeout. "Te quedarás quieto por el resto de la pelea. ¡Piensa en lo que hiciste mal!" ["You will sit still for the rest of the match. Think about what you did wrong!"]

And, sure enough, Santa Muerte sat, fidgeting uncomfortably on her sore, smarting, stinging seat, but also obediently. She twisted once on her stool to watch nervously as her partner, *La Malévola Murciélaga Morada* ("The Malevolent Purple Bat"), made a comically futile effort to defeat the undefeated champion, Red Angel. After only a few seconds of enduring playful swats across the Red Angel's knee, the Purple Bat was forced to admit defeat. After discussing the terms of surrender, Red Angel mercifully agreed to spare the Purple Bat any further humiliation, provided that her diabolical mistress would apologize *properly* for her disgraceful conduct in the ring.

Knowing what this meant, Santa Muerte accepted the terms of her unconditional surrender, and crawled to kneel at the Red Angel's feet, her face on the floor, her ass in the air. After that, the defeated villainess was allowed to stand, but she was forced to hold her hands behind her head, before the Red Angel tugged the villainess' miniskirt down around her ankles and delivered an inspiring sermon on the importance of sportsmanship and fair play, for all the kids watching at home.

Finally, so that the devilish Santa Muerte would forever serve as a warning to bad sports everywhere, the Red Angel took her seat on the stool in the center of the ring, and invited Santa Muerte to assume the position across her knee for her real spanking. "¿Qué pasó antes? ¡Eso fue solo un calentamiento!" ["What came before? That was just a warm-up!"]

With a final gulp, Santa Muerte straddled across Red Angel's knee, and the vanquished luchadora's bottom was promptly pinned in place and laid bare for chastisement. She whimpered at the realization that she would have to endure a bare-bottom spanking, but Red Angel only shook her head. "Es necesito."

Her lip quivering, Santa Muerte lay quietly to accept her spanking. She did not lay so quietly once it began. Sadly, there are many cynics, who claim that professional wrestling isn't real. But even the most ardent of skeptics would have to admit: that spanking was as real as it gets.

Carmen watched from the sidelines, enjoying the show. As a comic relief character, she knew she wasn't the face of wrestling. Later, when the clip of La Angel Roja's epic defeat of La Santa

Muerte went viral across the internet, their places in the annals of legendary luchadoras were forever secured: the greatest face vs. heel grudge match of all time. Some historians of wrestling would even remark on the excellent performance given by the humble supporting character: La Burrita Bandida.

Carmen was content.

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In the locker room, Carmen reattached her lost mustache, embarrassed to have lost even a small part of the costume that represented her legacy. That minor point, specifically, was the only thing she felt embarrassed about, after her long day in the luchador ring.

Red-eyed and sniffling, Santa Muerte emerged from the arena, the boos and jeers of the crowd following her. The moment the door closed behind her, Santa Muerte dropped her skirt and stepped out of her unitard. Then she lowered her panties to examine her well-roasted rump, kneading her butt cheeks like dough with both hands. When she noticed Carmen, Santa Muerte froze, then stood at attention, momentarily forgetting to pull her panties back up. “Carmen… Digo, ¡Burrita Bandida! Pensé que ya te habías ido...” [“Carmen…I mean, Burrita Bandida! I thought you’d left already…”]

“Me gusta quedarme después de un partido y firmar postales con mi papá. Ya sabes, para los niños.” [“I like to stay after a match and sign postcards with my poppa. You know, for the kids.”]

"¡Bien! ... De todos modos, ¡buena pelea! Um, lo siento, supongo que no fue una buena pelea, ¿verdad?” ["Right! ...Anyway, good fight! Um, sorry, guess it wasn't such a good fight, was it?"]

“Al público le encantó, eso es lo más importante.” [“The public loved it. That's what's most important.”]

Santa Muerte’s cheeks flushed bright red. “El público? ¡Por supuesto, la multitud! Definitivamente... los escuché. Eh, lo que quiero decir es que lamento cómo me comporté en el ring.” [“The public? Of course, the crowd! I definitely...heard them. Er, what I mean to say is, I'm sorry for how I behaved in the ring.”]

Carmen crossed her arms, looking down at the quailing luchadora before her. “¿Qué pasó ahí fuera? Estabas por todos lados.” [“What happened out there? You were all over the place.”]

Perhaps wondering if another spanking was imminent, Santa Muerte waved a hand as she made her awkward apology. “Me dejé llevar un poco. Estaba tan emocionado por el combate por el título con la Ángel Roja…” [“I got a little carried away. I got so excited for the title bout with the Red Angel…”]

“Está bien. Divertirse frente al público es una parte importante de la lucha libre. Pero no olvides practicar tus técnicas avanzadas, pueden ser riesgosas…para ambas luchadoras.” [“It’s okay. Having a good time in front of the audience is an important part of the lucha libre. But don’t forget to practice your advanced moves, they can be risky…for both luchadoras.”]

Clenching her jaw, Santa Muerte tried to meet Carmen’s eyes, and couldn’t. “¿No estás enfadado conmigo? ¡Me sentí como un ruda!” [“You aren’t angry with me? I felt like such a heel!”]

Carmen smiled, clapping Santa Muerte on the shoulder and gesturing to her backside. “Se supone que eres una ruda. Además, diría que ya has sufrido bastante por un día.” [“You’re supposed to be a heel! Besides, I’d say you’ve suffered enough for one day.”]

Blushing, Santa Muerte stroked her backside, gently. “Esa azote fue más de lo que esperaba, pero me la merecía.” [“That whupping was more than I expected, but I deserved it.”]

Carmen rifled through her duffel bag, and found a spare tube of hand lotion. “Toma, usa esta. Funciona de maravilla.” [“Here, use this. It works wonders.”]

Santa Muerte’s eyes teared up. “Gracias!” [“Thank you!”]

Carmen ignored the lingering sting in her own buttocks as she saluted her rival, and made her way out to find her father. As Carmen closed the door, she caught a brief glimpse of Santa Muerte rushing to yank down her panties and apply a generous dollop of lotion to her well-spanked ass. “No está mal…para ser una ruda.” [“She’s not bad…for a heel!”]

End of Chapter I

[Note this story was roughly based of an old AI chatlog I did years ago. I loved the idea of the character so much I wanted to revisit it. The final draft represents a complete rewrite to make the story truly my own. The chat log was published on my deviantART for the purposes of full disclosure.]